

My love beweeeps his grave and sings,
Adonai! Adonai!
Soft to his neck earth-mother clings,
Red from his blood the wind-flow'r springs,
The vales smell sweet with growing things,
And bats flap low with mournful wings,
Adonai! Adonai!

ALEISTER CROWLEY

VILLON'S APOLOGY
(ON READING STEVENSON'S ESSAY)

MY duty is to God and man
To do my work as best I can.
I need, if that is to be done,
Leisure and food and drink and fun.
Why should I bow to scarecrow rule
Of prig, professor, prude and fool?
And who dare say I was a shirk?
I did more perdurable work
Than any other of my time:
I limned my century in rime!
Why should brute drudgery extort
Respect that is denied to thought?
Who knows what agony of toil
Goes to make poets' cauldrons boil?
Kindly permit me for the nonce
The pride of having been a ponce!
A trade that Stevenson, thinks I,
Might have found difficult to ply.
If I should make another Will,
I'd leave him, in a codicil,
What he most needs to make him stronger—
An inch of nose, or something longer.